

THE BYS TANDER



Mandarin and Shriner.
The American Nobility.
Gambling in Chinatown.
The Coming Bakeshop.
News for Honolulu.

If the Chinese officials had seen the Shriners yesterday they might have mistaken those brilliant mummies for the reception committee and would have thought Hawaii civilized at last. To an old-fashioned mandarin, used to the pomp of Asia and wearing linen that is purple and fine, the regulation official costume here, the frock coat and black hat, must be a source of vague astonishment. To a sashed and girded mandarin could anything look less festive and more unsuited to a gala occasion than the official garb of an American public man? Could any kind of dress make a more melancholy impression on eyes used to sartorial pageantry? What assurance does a silk hat convey of hilarious occasions to come? If Governor Frear would put on the lordly rig of an Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Arabian Shrine and Mott-Smith the blazing tunic of a Supreme Chancellor of the Holy Roman Empire and, followed by Jim McCandless' menagerie and the Arab Patrol, call on Celestial visitors, there is no telling what friendships might grow up between the Orient and the Occident. Then the East would feel that the West had paid it the highest possible compliment—the one of imitation; and the flag of peace would fly high.

What is it, will you tell me, that takes a lot of hard-headed American business and professional men out in the open, garbed in barbaric splendor and of a mind to solemnly address each other as Potentates, Princes, Sovereign Rulers, Grand Chancellors, Regents of Paradise, Knights of the Grail, Grand Commanders and Holy Shepherds? It was long a mystery to me who, having been once an assistant general surveyor, am satisfied with the modest title of General and let ambition go at that. Lately I have studied the subject a good deal and have come to the conclusion that these fine Old World titles have a distinct therapeutic value. They are a solace for wounded pride. My friend John Billings of Otselic Center kept a small grocery just back of Calkins' tavern and a more hen-pecked fellow I never saw excepting a little red-headed man out Wahiawa way. "You, John," was shouted at him a dozen times a day, and when he heard it, unless he had lately been to lodge, he dropped everything he was handling, even if it was a paper bag full of eggs, and scurried across the street. It got so that even a yellow dog from Beaver Meadow wouldn't wag his tail at John. It was beneath his pride. But once a month John went to a lodge of the Independent Order of Rechabites and as Majestic Chief Ruler in a turban of red and a tunic of white, with Jim Paddleford's two boys, dressed in togas and standing on each side of him with tin spears, he forgot all his domestic afflictions and became a leader of men. When John went home he was dignified and elate, and it sometimes took his stronger half two days to get him to turn the wringer or churn the milk. In the meantime he had got back some self-respect and his health had improved.

There was Jotham B. Pratt from over Hubbardville way—a little menching man with scant whiskers and bad teeth who felt that the corner lamp post couldn't stand without him. He had a wife about four feet wide across the shoulders and a mother-in-law who was six feet four inches high and both of them kept an eye on Jotham B. He used to sleep in the garret on a straw bed and he was required to tie a string to his big toe, the other end hanging in his wife's room below; and whenever either the wife or the mother-in-law wanted him to run for the doctor or get up and milk the family cow or whenever either of them was peevish and wanted to spoil his rest, the string was smartly yanked. Little Pratt only had one day of happiness a week and that was when he got into his robes as Illustrious Generalissimo of the Armored Levites of Persia. You wouldn't have known Jotham B. then. He stood so straight he seemed to be as tall as his wife was wide. He held his lips together so tightly that everybody forgot his lack of teeth. When he walked you would have mistaken him for Billy-be-Damned, the village constable. I tell you that one day of human greatness saved Jotham to his fellow men. It strengthened his nerve, smoothed the creases in his liver, expanded his chest, and before he went home to put that string on his toe again his whole being had been toned up.

For this class of our humble fellow citizens and for those of us who are too pure and noble to expect anything in the way of titles from a rowdy electorate, I recommend the great American institutions where any man who hangs on long enough can be a Majestic Autocrat and any woman a Sovereign Chaperone. In good effect on a rundown constitution and enervated by laws it is better than Pale Pills for Punk People.

Sometime ago the next President of the Hawaiian Senate remarked that he could always tell when gambling had started up in Chinatown by the actions of his cook. When there is nothing doing, the yellow chef turns his wages over to his employer for investment; but the minute che-fa and paikau rear their tempting crests, the cook begins to draw down. For over a year after Iaukea became Sheriff, the deposit account grew; but five days after Chief of Detectives Taylor left for the Coast—a fateful trip, that, in many ways—the cook asked for his money. Now, with Taylor out for good, he deposits nothing; and anyone who will visit Chinatown with an insider will know the reason why. Gambling there is at high tide; and though there are many arrests of the small fry the big ones are doing business like so many water-wheels in a mill-race.

When I go out of the tailor business, I am going to start a bakeshop. I shall build a stone oven and get a Portuguese woman to make bread. Fortune among men is he who knows where to buy one of those whopping big and marvellously good ten-cent loaves the Lusitanian matrons bake. There isn't a loaf in any store to compare with it; there are not many to compare with it in private ovens. Next I shall send over to San Francisco and get someone to come here and make those long, slender French loaves, which are nearly all crisp-erust and which one can make a breakfast on. Hot sheet bread an inch and a half thick is also a luxury that will make my shop famous. German rye, fine and black, and Boston brown bread may be counted on, too. In back of the shop, somewhere, will be a scrupulously clean restaurant where one can get bread and Jersey milk for lunch; perhaps some cottage cheese, honey in the comb and real buckwheat cakes on the side. There will also be rusk and milk, which is a luxury almost unknown in Honolulu. I shall take some bread thirty-six hours old, dry and brittle. This I shall put under a common kitchen roller and reduce to crumbs. These crumbs will be made to order so they can't gather any humidity before reaching the table. On the table, which will be covered with a shining cloth, I shall put a few flowers, a large thin china bowl filled with Jersey milk freshly dipped from a cold storage tin; a real silver spoon, a bowl of crumbs to use in the milk instead of bread; and then leave the customer to eat his fill. He will find that the crumbs swell in the milk yet retain a crispness and a nutty flavor which makes them a gastronomic luxury. There will be other things to eat, but a generous bowl of rusk and milk is enough for anybody.

Let me tell you about another simple dish, easy to digest and a proved strength-builder. Take a bowl of hot boiled rice, add two raw, fresh eggs, pepper and salt to taste and moisten with cream or milk. After eating a bowl of that, you will feel all right until dinner time, no matter what hard work you may do. This dainty can also be had at my bakeshop restaurant.

Sometimes the files by mail contain news items we expected by cable. Sometimes they explain why the cable failed, as witness the following from the San Francisco Investigator of October 26:

"In casting about for interesting news items (furnished by us exclusively)

our reporter dropped into the Associated Press office just as the most important items of world news were being prepared for Honolulu, for it is by the discriminating and brainy work of these young men that far-off point is kept in touch with the momentous events which, woven into the piece, make history.

"Here's an item about Emperor William's attitude on the Balkan question." "All right—that goes."

"Here's a good account of Billy Galoot's gamecock winning his first fight. Thousand present; great excitement." "That so? That's important. I have followed the history of that bird from the first, though I always doubted his paternity."

"Well, we mustn't fail to wire that!" So it was filed with "Accepted Dispatches."

"Here's something about Rev. Dr. Bingham dying in a Baltimore hospital. The illustrious translator of the Bible into the Gilbert Island language; a noted missionary, etc., etc."

"I never could see why these doctors want to get a 'reverend' posted on their names! Who is Dr. Bingham, anyway? I never heard of him or the Gilbert Islands. Let's see, that's an island near the west coast of Africa, isn't it? Guess those Honolulu chaps don't know who he is or why he translated the Bible, and they will thank us for sending only important news anyway." Throw the item in the waste basket.

"Hello! Here's an important bit of news! [Reads.] "Mrs. Elmira Florence Rosy de Jones, the noted and beautiful ballet dancer and actress, formerly of the Tony Pastor company, has filed a libel for divorce against her husband, Jack Bobby de Jones, the well known and popular bruiser. It appears that he left home asking her to await his return, as he had an important meeting with a committee of the Society to Promote Moral Virtue. Less than half an hour after, while walking in the Bowery with a notorious woman, whose name we suppress in the interests of public morality, he met Mrs. E. F. R. de Jones hanging on the arm of a well known man about town. The surprise was so great that Mr. de Jones so far forgot himself as to paste his beautiful wife, which was followed by a copious flow of the claret, and a row ensued. Sensational developments are promised."

"Oh, I know them both! Charming little lady! Don't fail to cable that to Honolulu." * * * And so, brethren, this is why Honolulu did not know of Dr. Bingham's death till the slow mail brought the sad news.

Small Talks

JOSEPH T. LIDBY—John Wynne took his sentence like a brave man. Of course, he was a bit put out that he had to be hanged.

CHAMPION GUNNER SHEEHY—I liked Honolulu when I was here on the Maryland, and decided that it was the place I wanted to live in. I'm here to stay.

F. T. P. WATERHOUSE—Enough have promised to be present to make the dinner at the close certain, so the meeting of the Rubber Growers' Association will be a success.

ALEXANDER HUME FORD—We have decided to use acetylene now for illuminating our surf boards at the Outrigger Club. All other illuminating processes seem failures.

JOHN EPTINGER—What the Promotion Committee wants to work for is better transportation to and from the Islands. We have everything else but that, and without that everything else counts for little.

POP SPITZER—Say! A fellow asked me if I wanted a political job where there was nothing to do. What do you think it was? He said I was just the man to be Inspector of Pork at Jerusalem.

DR. J. H. RAYMOND—The best rain the drought-stricken part of Maui has had for months occurred Friday afternoon and night. The rain up in the mountains was heavy. Kula has had no rain lately unless this rain reached it, but there have been heavy dews of late which have helped out.

LOYD CHILDS—It is my opinion that the Fishmarket people should be compelled to make use of swing fans or punkahs to keep the flies off the fish and meats. This is done in other cities, and certainly should be done here, where the weather is so much warmer. That is one drawback to the display of fish here, for they attract flies in myriads, and either should be under cover, or use the fans I have spoken of.

CAPTAIN GREGORY—It was the votes we brought in on the Kinan that elected Joe Fern the first Mayor of Honolulu.

JOEL C. COHEN—Since I made public my views on the land and taxation question I have been besieged by people who want to tell me how mistaken I am. They haven't proved it to me yet.

CHARLEY CHILLINGWORTH—We hear that there were seven votes thrown out for John Lane at Punulua because the voter had marked too many deputy sheriffs. We can't get anyone who will swear to this though and give us a chance for a recount.

FRED CARTER—With the one exception of that insidious heart worm, there is nothing that threatens dog life in these Islands, and there is no reason why this should not make an excellent place for the encouragement of the finer breeds. If properly attended to, dogs are very healthy here, but they would be all the better off if some expert with time to spare would search for a real remedy for the heart worm.

JOHN CATTON—If Punahou had only been content to do a trifle more passing and feed their ends so that they could get away with a clear run, they would have made a much better showing against the High School. I feel firmly convinced that an interpolation of a little Rugby in an end run with the interference breaking up to drop back and take a pass when the runner is tackled, would prove an invincible play in the intercollegiate game.

L. C. KEATING—I have been very much impressed with the prevalence of the sporting spirit in Honolulu. I noticed some dark-hued youngsters playing baseball on a bare lot today. Not one of them was taller than the bat he wielded, and yet they played a game that would put to shame the best efforts of the average school kid on the mainland. Why not get up an All-Hawaiian team to tour the States? I feel sure that the venture would be a great success.

Roosevelt, World President

Kansas City Journal.

Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the President's son-in-law, denies having said that the Roosevelt family program contemplated a return of the President to power eight years from now. But even if Mr. Longworth had made the statement attributed to him it would have stopped far short of the message of prophecy just launched by the Rev. Dr. Wilbur Crafts. To Dr. Crafts' lot it has fallen to herald forth the gorgeous plan for making Theodore Roosevelt president of the world!

Of course it is some sort of a "reform" bureau that has conceived this masterpiece of superlative idiosyncrasy, but Dr. Crafts assured his congregation in Washington that, "great as the magnitude of the task is, it will be carried out." To quote further from the news dispatches: "'Our campaign,' said Dr. Crafts, in speaking of the work of his bureau, 'is fighting bad shows; is putting an end to race track gambling; is driving liquor out of government buildings and removing rum and opium altogether. I believe we shall see President Roosevelt as president of the world, and that there will be a Hague government with a legislative and executive department.'"

The Roosevelt methods have brought out a startling series of reckless and impassioned hero worshipers, each with some sort of amenomaniac calculated to emancipate the human race from every evil handicap through the mediation of Theodore Roosevelt. Having advised the American mothers how to take care of and enlarge their families; the writers of this land how to spell their native tongue, and the general public how to catch a coyote with the naked hands, what constitutes a mollycoddle and a "malefactor of great wealth," how to reform business by demolition and other superlative feats of statesmanship, President Roosevelt now feels the restraint which must have galled Alexander when he sighed for other worlds to conquer.

It were too bad to puncture prematurely the beautiful and childlike dream of one Dr. Wilbur Crafts, but it might be ventured tentatively and in all due humility that perhaps the rest of the world does not want Mr. Roosevelt as ruler. Germany is very prosperous and as peaceful as possible under the Kaiser, who has many of the Roosevelt characteristics. No doubt, as Germany's increased home trade was due in some measure to Roosevelt's attacks upon American business interests, the people of the Fatherland are quite willing for Roosevelt to continue as president of America. The people of France have been laughing at us for several years because of the antics of our impulsive President. In fact, there are good and substantial reasons why no country on the face of the earth would want Roosevelt for president, including the United States of America.

Shriners Parade Amid Admiring Thousands

(From Sunday's Advertiser.)

In all the pomp and panoply of war, chambers, Billy Campbell and A. H. Jungelaus, adorned in pink tights, gauze ballet skirts and bodices cut demi tasse, coquetted with their friends along the route from the sidesaddles of a couple of skittish ponies, led by two others of the lowly band. Harry Denison trundled a sugar loading machine according to his own design (patent applied for) and announced by placard to the world that he was moving a warehouse.

Another trundler was R. H. Bemrose, who was the motive power for a perambulator, labeled "Isn't it awful, Mabel?" He also invited everyone to "Ask me about it." He handled the handles like a professional and never upset his load once during the trip.

J. F. Childs, manager of T. H. Davies' grocery department, paid penance for his ambition to own a red cap by having to advertise the groceries of Hackfeld & Co. as the best and cheapest, while Roscoe Perkins got writer's cramp by having to curl up in a toy automobile, of "one, mule power," drawn by a fellow victim, who did not require to be cranked.

Candidate Captain Kidwell was labeled "a pineapple that has gone to seed" and J. L. Young exhibited with the air of a near-Edison, a "plan of Fort Shafter, as I designed it."

The procession was brought up by a chemical engine and hose wagon, the magnificent horses in two teams being admired by many who had never before seen the animals going slow enough to look at.

The parade formed at the K. P. hall about two o'clock, marched to the Capitol by way of Fort and King streets and swung into the Capitol grounds. Here, massed in a brilliant group on the front steps of the building, an official and a score of unofficial photographs were taken. Then the parade wound its way back to the K. P. hall and what followed is shrouded in mystery. The shrieks of the victims were masked by the explosion of thousands of fire crackers and the dead were cast into the subterranean vaults.

A grand banquet last night at which the sore in body but triumphant in spirit twenty-nine drowned their woes in arnicated zem-zem, brought the annual Shrine gathering to a successful finish.

The newly created Shriners are: Harry Denison, John Kidwell, R. H. Bemrose, J. L. Young, John Deter, R. C. Lydecker, A. J. Spitzer, J. F. Child, C. E. Wright, E. N. Holmes, A. Menefoglio, Roscoe Perkins, W. D. Lowell, T. M. Church, John Clark, Jorgen Jorgenson, D. Capilos, D. W. Anderson, A. H. Jungelaus, C. L. Bosson, A. G. Wall, Henry Beekley, P. I. Cleghorn,

The victims were ragged out regardless of cost and were the recipients of many an ironical cheer and complimentary quip as they walked along the hard road that led to their testing out

DEMOCRATS CELEBRATED THEIR ELECTION VICTORY

(From Sunday's Advertiser.)

The Democrats concluded a series of jollification and congratulatory meetings, which formed themselves into a complete circle around this Island, by a monster one at Aala Park last night which was attended by several thousand people.

The candidates, successful and unsuccessful, started out last Thursday morning over the Pali, and meetings were held at every village and settlement from Kaneohe to Waiolu. Lunas were almost as frequent as meetings, and everywhere there was much enthusiasm over a victory which put ten Democrats in office on this Island and gave the most important executive offices to the party.

Automobile Procession.

The meeting last night was preceded by a procession of the candidates, headed by the Hawaiian band, around town. The candidates met at the party headquarters, Waverley Hall, soon after 7 o'clock. The Hawaiian band, under Captain Berger, joined them on Bethel street. With the band in a tally-ho and the candidates and officials-elect in automobiles, the procession moved to King street and thence to Bishop and Hotel, and then to Aala Park. There was a crowd at the park to receive them, and the affair took on the aspect of a great celebration.

Of course, there was speech-making. All of the victorious candidates, and some who were not, expressed their thanks to the voters, renewed their promises to support the principles of the party platform, and work for the public good. Edward Ingham president and made a very happy speech in opening the meeting, and other pleasant little speeches in introducing the various candidates, successful and otherwise.

W. A. Kinney went most carefully and comprehensively into the results and meaning of the election. L. L. McCandless spoke particularly of the

WILDER MAKES GOOD TAX COLLECTIONS

The unpunished tax collections for the second period closed last night at 10 o'clock with collections so far this year of \$675,729.19, as against collections from January 1 to November 30, 1907 of \$647,289.96.

The collections this year have therefore 750.62, making a total for the first fourteen days of November of \$285,043.02 as against \$221,511.59 for the first fifteen days of November, 1907.

The collection this year have therefore greatly exceeded those of last year. Tax Collector C. T. Wilder feels very much gratified with the showing made. Already this year there have been more than \$28,000 more collected than was collected last year up to the end of November.

SAVE MONEY BY BUYING CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.

You will pay just as much for a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as for any of the other cough medicines, but you save money by buying it. The saving is in what you get, not what you pay. The sure-to-cure-you quality is in every bottle of this remedy, and you get good results when you take it. For sale at all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

Mr. Frost, who has been connected with C. B. Hofgaard & Co., of Waimea, for two years, has resigned his position and will leave for Honolulu at the end of the month in order to enter the employ of Theo. H. Davies & Co.